The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

Celestial Twins

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THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and the Novitiate are located in Brookland, Washington, D. C.

At present the Society labors in India where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child-welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world as soon as its numbers permit.

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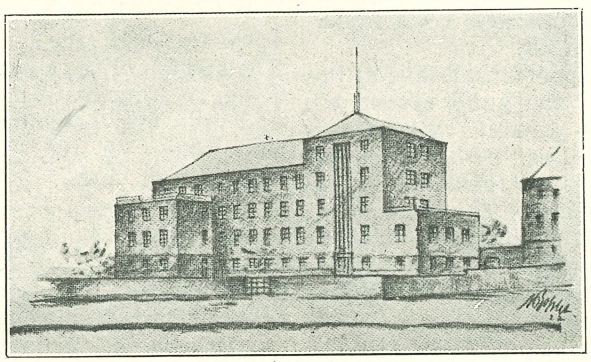
"It is, therefore, our duty and a holy task . . ."

"We are living in times of exceedingly grave importance for the missions. It seems that for many people the last decisive hour has struck which will determine whether the light of the true faith will redeem them or the dark night of paganism will keep them in bondage. It is, therefore, our duty and a holy task to use all resources for the spread of the Gospel."

These words form the keynote of the new *1938 Yearbook* of the Medical Mission Institute, Würzburg, Germany, expressive as they are of the leading motive for the existence of the Institute and the labor of its members in many parts of the mission world.



Medical Mission Institute, Wurzburg.

Medical Missions have proved themselves an important factor in the work of the propagation of the Faith. Medical missionary work has for its aim to bring nursing care and adequate medical aid to the missions for the purpose of serving the ultimate end of all missionary labor—to bring souls to God.

Led by this ideal, the Medical Mission Institute of Würzburg has been sending workers for the past fifteen years to all parts of the mission world, inspiring their labors with the spirit of the true apostolate. God has so abundantly blessed the undertaking that the Institute, founded by Dr. C. Becker, S.D.S., in 1922, now numbers 150 members, of whom 70 are fully qualified physicians; 2, graduate nurses; and 73, medical students.

Each year the various reports from the field give more convincing evidence of the value and worth which speculative considerations have attached to medical missions. The present *Yearbook* is a striking example of this.

"Mens sana in corpore sano" holds also for the missions. In an article in which the ideals and aims of the Würzburg Institute are explained, the Reverend Sebastian Weih, S.D.S., reminds us that the founder, Monsignor Becker, always stressed the natural human and cultural motive of medical mission work. "The most perfect combination of religion and medicine, of culture and ethics, is found in the medical missionary. He takes part in the progress of medical science by working in foreign countries, by research in tropical diseases, by studying the effects of native remedies. . . . He aims at elevating his work to a high plane by being in the true sense of the word a servant of suffering humanity, without any desire of material gain."

The effect of such service on the natives is clearly demonstrated in the reports from the medical mission posts in Africa and elsewhere. "God's blessing was visibly with us last year. We had many pagans in the hospital and we may judge the missionary value of our work by this fact. It is for the pagans that we must do our utmost because they form the fertile soil for the grace of God. The pagans come to us because God is with us. Especially among the dying we have sensed the mysterious blessings which God has bestowed on those pagans who listened to His Voice."

Against this background of medical mission ideals, the statistical data of actual medical aid given has for us another meaning.

From Emekuku, Dr. Diederich reports a total of 34,433 patients treated and 807 operations performed. Similar reports come from other mission stations and some report the establishment of more hospitals and dispensaries.

Judging from the record of the past few years, we may be certain that medical missions will fulfill our highest expectations of being a powerful means in leading human beings to happiness and eternal salvation.

ELEANORE LIPPITS, S.C.M.M., M.D.

High Spots on a Mission Cruise

By

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Hongkong

Early in the morning of March 30, we sailed leisurely into the spacious harbor of Hongkong, which has not only unusual scenic beauty, but presents a picture of seaport life never to be forgotten. We actually landed in Kowloon on the mainland, but quickly crossed by ferry to "the Isle of Fragrant Streams," as Hongkong is called.

The city has belonged to the English since 1841 and is a Crown colony. Although it is a trading center and a free port, it has only about 20,000 so-called foreigners, while the Chinese number more than 800,000. The wealthy merchants and the British military and naval officers live in fine houses surrounded by gardens; the Chinese are mostly crowded into Chinatown, which has four large thoroughfares from which many narrow lanes branch off.

Each trade seemed to monopolize a lane of its own—it reminded one of the guild system of the middle ages. In one direction were shoemakers, in another silk sellers, in the neighboring lane jewelers, and next to them dealers in all manner of wearing apparel. The shops were typically oriental—like indentations or cubicles along the narrow street, with the wares draped or hung, according to their nature, in plain view and incredible numbers of people squeezed into the tiny "stores." Business was a family affair. In one shop my needs were attended by a venerable old woman, whose two young sons stood dutifully by to observe this delicate procedure of making a sale. A truly practical way of learning to do business! In some places the members of the shopkeeper's family seemed as numerous as the customers—and just as much in the way!

In the midst of the bazaar a dentist was plying his trade on the sidewalk. Beside him as evidence of his efficiency was piled a collection of teeth of every shape and size and state of deterioration. A sign behind him advertised painless extraction, but the facial contortions of the patient upon whom he was working seemed to give proof to the maxim that you cannot believe all you read.

We drove in cars to Victoria Peak, which is 1,825 feet high, the highest point of the island. The last lap of the climb had to be made on foot. From the summit we had a wonderful view, far and wide, over neighboring islands and the deep blue waters of the Chinese Sea, dotted with crafts of all kinds.

After the steep descent, we made a 25-mile circuit of the island, passing on our way a little fishing village called *Aberdeen!* Our tour also included the Repulse Bay Hotel, where we stopped for refreshments. The terrace was truly picturesque—a veritable garden of flowers, at the foot of which venders displayed their wares. Orientals apparently never miss an opportunity to do a little business!

The dentist at work—no overhead expense!

In the afternoon my friend and I went to the Bishop's House, but found His Excellency absent. We were most kindly received however, by Rev. Father Riganti, who

volunteered to introduce us to the Canossian Sisters, an Italian congregation which has been laboring in Hongkong and the interior of China for more than 70 years. Their Hongkong school was not very far from the cathedral. The building was large, and the students quiet and refined. It seemed a beehive of earnest and intelligent activity.

As we were interested in things medical, Reverend Mother sent two sisters with us to St. Francis', in Wuchai, a "home" in the true sense of the word, set in the very thick of Chinatown. Reverend Mother Lisetta herself conducted us through the buildings. There were schools and works of charity for the old, the blind, the children—in fact, for anybody in any need whatsoever. Everything was of the utmost simplicity. For instance, in the dining room there were narrow tables and benches, and little plates for each for meat and vegetables, with bigger ones for rice. Reverend Mother explained that the majority eat with chopsticks; only the blind and those who tremble use spoons. The inmates themselves seemed to do a great deal of the work under the motherly and indulgent eye of Mother Lisetta, but many of them were too old or crippled to be of much assistance.

We met one old lady who had been a maternity nurse; she had baptized thousands of children. Near her a grandmother of 90 years was dozing. Mother explained to us that she rouses herself long enough to eat a little rice and then dozes off again. "I think," she added jokingly, "St. Peter must have forgotten her!" Some of the "cases" have interesting histories. One old lady, who looked as if she were difficult to please, had years ago brought her little niece, then full of sores, to the sisters. When the girl was grown up and her aunt was in a state of collapse from starvation, she returned the good deed and begged the nuns to admit her venerable relative into their Home.

The old ladies pray aloud all day. In fact, the sisters have to stop them sometimes, just for a little rest! Mother pointed out one of them in particular who "prays and prays, and is always giving away her little belongings." Her main prayer was that nobody in the establishment would die without the sacraments, and actually, Mother told us, nobody does.

Mother pointed out a blind girl and an epileptic, both busy at such tasks as they were able to do. In a ward, there was a whole row of schoolgirl patients. Our guide told us that although they take sick people, they do not call their place a hospital; they do what they can, and a doctor comes when necessary. One of the patients was a seminarian who had pulmonary tuberculosis; it was inspiring to see him smile so cheerfully, although death was written on his face.

We were also introduced to two old priests. They were both literally worn out. One was Father P. Giuseppe Carabelli of the Milan Foreign Mission Society, who had spent 39 years in China. When I explained the aim and purpose of our Society to him, he stretched out his arms wide. "You must come to China," he said with much emphasis and feeling. "China is so big—*so big!* You must come to China!" I wish a thousand young women could have witnessed the conviction and sincerity of his expression—perhaps a hundred of them would be missionaries now!

Mother Lisetta spoke kindly and encouragingly to each as she introduced them to us. "They all need a pat on the back," she confided to us. Before leaving, we paid a farewell visit to the chapel, where we heard the people pray in sing-song fashion. It sounded terrible, but was no doubt a fervent prayer.

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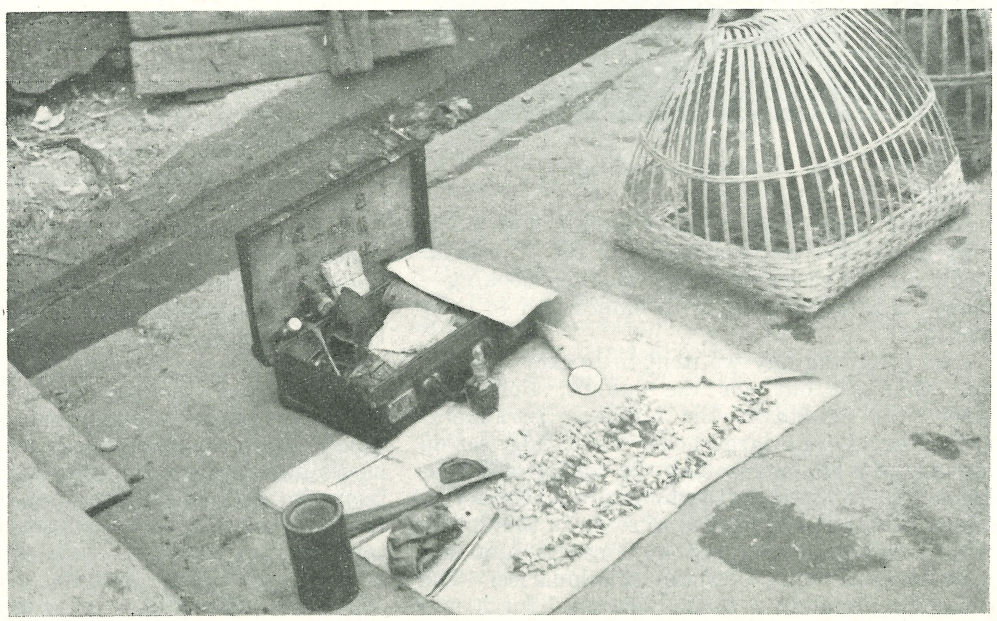
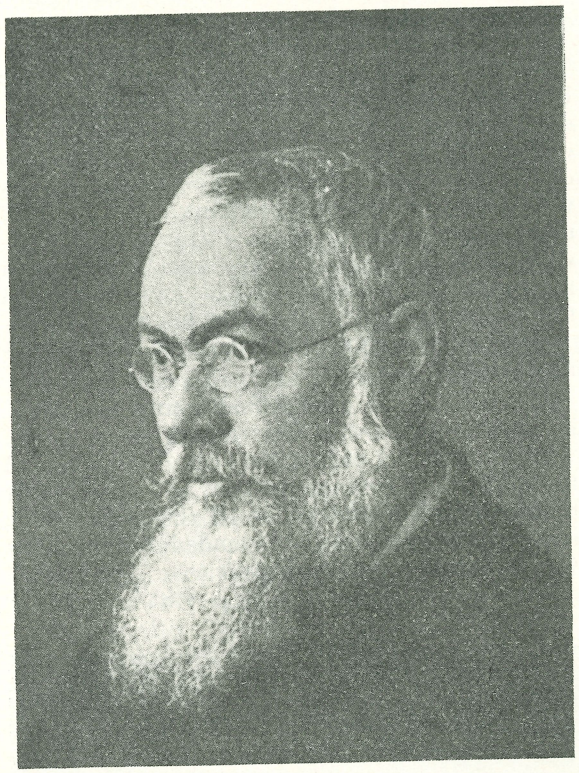


The fruits of industry.

WORLD CRUISE

(*Continued from page* 173)

On the way back to our boat we saw once more the teeming Chinese life in the main and side streets, where stores were very close together, and where signs praising the cheap wares of good-luck shops vied in the wind with the laundry hung out to dry. There was a constant to and fro of humanity—mothers with babies on their backs, serious looking men carrying loads, boys and girls playing or running along on errands. Near the Star ferry there were innumerable boats in which, we were informed, people



Rev. P. Giuseppe Carabelli

lived the whole span of their simple and laborious lives. We watched some of the women at their various tasks—rowing, washing, cooking—many of them working with babies tied to their backs.

The following day we went to Rosary Church, and then set out for the suburb, Pokfolum, where the priests of the Missions Etrangeres from Paris have a large house beautifully set on the side of a hill overlooking the harbor of Hongkong. In contrast to the hubbub of the city, a trappist-like silence seemed to reign in this haven which served in the past as a sanitarium and convalescent house for the missionaries. The priest in charge told us that the need for it was not so great any more, as medical aid is now available in many places, but that formerly missionaries used to come from as far as Tonkin in Indo-China. The main activity of the house now seems to be the operation of the large and famous press, where books in Chinese and many other languages, even African, are printed. In the Chinese language, every word has to be made as a whole. There are 214 keys and 30,000 words. Modern books are also written in *Pai-hua,* the so-called "plain speech," which has been recognized since 1917. It is a form that is considerably simplified and intended for more general use.

From Pokfolum, we took a bus across the city to St. Paul's Hospital, a fine institution conducted by the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. The hospital, the large school buildings, the orphanage and the home for the blind were all remodelled from a large cotton mill with the help of an ingeneous priest of the mission, and the Sisters assisted in the transformation with many home-like touches.

Since our time was limited, we could not visit the hospital for children conducted by the Chinese Sisters of the Precious Blood, though we heard much about the excellence of their apostolate. Returning to our boat, we met a familiar sight at the ferry: about twenty Maryknoll Sisters were crossing over on their way to a meeting.

Our first halt in China was pleasant and full of interest. We were glad to be able to look forward to a further glimpse of it in Shanghai, Nanking, Tientsin and Peiping.

The Church does not seek to dominate, but rather to serve the people to whom she ministers; she offers them the inexhaustible charity to redeem them from sin and from the many miseries which are the consequences of sin.—*Archbishop Celso Costantini.*

Father J. P. Thoonen, who spent many years in Uganda before he was recalled to Mill Hill, presented his study of the Martyrs of Uganda before the Gregorian University in Rome last June and was awarded the Doctorate in Mission Science with highest distinctions. Dr. Thoonen thus became the fourth priest with authority to expound this special science.—A. P. F. & MILL HILL, Autumn, 1938.

Student-nurse-Crusaders at Mercy Hospital, Toledo, Ohio, conduct twice each year a "sample medicine drive" when they collect these items from the staff physicians and send them off to mission hospitals and dispensaries. The Secretary of the C.S.M.C. Unit in the School of Nursing at Mercy Hospital writes that these collections of medicine have been valued variously from $50 to $150.—THE SHIELD, October, 1938.

Indian Medicine

By

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Since health and disease have always played a great role in the lives of human beings, every nation and every tribe, from the beginning of its known history, has records of theories, preventatives and cures of illness.

The history of India as related in the Sanskrit literature abounds with tales of superstitious beliefs about disease, but also with much experimental knowledge of the use of native remedial plants and of surgery, especially plastic surgery, for which the frequent penal amputations of nose and ears gave ample scope. Likewise, it is not surprising that India, with her love for delving into the hidden powers of nature, can be credited with having discovered hypnotism and the practice of suggestion.

While the caste system had a tendency to petrify medicine, Buddhism with its great regard for life instilled new vigor into it. Its greatest advocate, King Asoka (B. C. 263-226), founded hospitals for men and animals. The first or Vedic period of Indian medicine extended to about 800 B. C.; the Brahmanic to 1000 A. D. The latter was followed by the Arabian period, inaugurated by the invasion of the Mohammedans. From the Sixteenth Century on, Western medicine penetrated slowly but surely through the channels of the European powers who established trading posts and colonies.

In the earliest period, when religion was more or less animistic, the ideas about disease were often fantastic, as they are still among primitive tribes of India or Africa. Innumerable gods and goddesses were supposed to be responsible for the proper functioning of the organs, and disharmony, trouble and disease were attributed to evil spirits. The air was considered as the vehicle of the spirit of life. The structure of the body remained an enigma because dissection of the body then, as through the ages, was antagonistic to religion in India. Magicians flourished. Their enchantments were directed chiefly against "Takman," a malignant fever which was blamed for many things. The *soma* plant, the identity of which is not known for certain now, was used against it because it was believed to have a peculiar virtue against disease demons. Some diseases, such as tuberculosis, epilepsy, gout, heart disease, hemiplegia, et cetera, were distinguished and described, and some were recognized as being hereditary.

In the Brahmanic period, as the name implies, medicine was mostly in the hands of the priestly caste. It was influenced by the West through the invasion of Alexander the Great, but on the whole preserved its originality. In those days already the art of medicine had its masters who were allowed to take only four or six pupils. The apprenticeship extended over six years, and was practical and theoretical. For license to practice, the permission of the king was required. Benares, the Holy City, was the chief center of learning. A maxim of these early physicians still holds good to our day: "When a man is ill, the physician is his father; when he is cured, his friend; when restored to health, his protector."

For surgical practice, the students were taught to make incisions in fruits, to insert probes into perforations, to stitch up the skins of dead animals, to extract teeth from them, and so on. The need of cleanliness was realized; the surgeon had to cut his hair and nails short, put on a white garment and keep the body clean. At the bedside he was not to discuss any subjects except the state of the patient—he was not to gossip nor to pry into domestic affairs. He was allowed to accept a fee, but no presents except food when he needed it.

India, like Greece, had her medical celebrities, although they never attained such world-wide fame. Charaka was the earliest hero. Susruta flourished in the Fifth Century, A. D., and Vagbhata in the Seventh. They all adhered to the "Ayurveda" system, that is, "the knowledge of the Spirit of Life." Later authors built on them but did not get very far, as superstitious beliefs overshadowed scientific progress. Anatomy consisted mostly in the mere enumeration of the parts of the body in which the magic numbers of five and seven prevailed. Physiology rested upon three humors—air, phlegm and bile —from which all the parts of the body were formed. Disease was attributed to the disturbance of the elements by climate, poison, heredity, sin or demons. Diseases were classified as external, internal, local, general, curable, incurable, physical and psychical. Diagnosis depended on minute observation and aphorisms. Much importance was attached to hygiene and diet, daily ablution, cleaning the teeth, attention to secretions, massage, rest cures, baths, clothing and other health measures.

Besides a great variety of healing herbs, mineral remedies, such as mercury and arsenic, were used already in early times. Poisons were well known. For surgery there was a variety of instruments available, including the magnet for drawing out metallic bodies. Anaesthesia was induced by strong drinks. Operations had to be

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Over the Plains

By

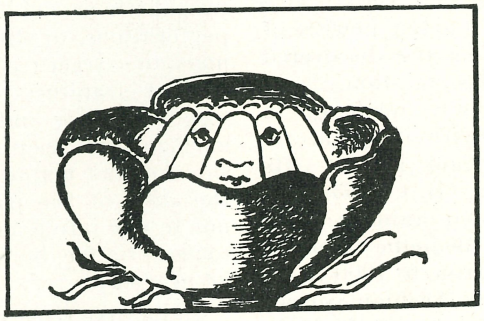
SISTER M. LAETITIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

A Continuation of Sister Laetitia's Overland Trip From India to London

En Route to Bulgaria

On the way to Bulgaria we passed through a corner of Greece and were sold tiny cups of black coffee by a smiling wrinkled old lady in native costume. For the beautiful Greeks of old coins we looked in vain—they apparently did not frequent the railway stations.

Rose-Water Puddings!



As we passed the frontier into Bulgaria, the perfume of roses seemed to be wafted through the air. Twelve thousand acres are entirely given over to the cultivation of the rose. Most of the attar of roses used in the world comes from Bulgaria. The industry was introduced by an old Turk in the Eighteenth Century and has proved a financial blessing. One ton of blossoms gives about a pound of pure oil. This is distilled and the rose water is thrown away, though some is used to flavor puddings! The attar is kept tightly sealed and will retain its fragrance for years. It is sometimes even more expensive than gold.

Sunflowers seemed to grow in almost as great a profusion as the roses. When I first saw them, I wondered why in the world there were so many fields of these flowers, until someone explained that they were cultivated for their oil.

Cooperative Plowing

The Bulgarians are an agricultural people with war-loving tendencies: four out of five are farmers. The land is well cultivated, and it is interesting to watch the oxen being led by the mother with a distaff in her hand, busily spinning, while the husband guides the plow and the baby, parked in a nearby furrow, amuses itself.

The average farm covers about 15 acres, which may be divided into as many tiny fields. The country consists mostly of flat land, so there is very little space wasted. Where cultivation is impossible, sheep and goats are to be seen grazing; there are two sheep or goats to each of the six million population.

For the most part, the people are fine, hard-working peasants. Very few are rich, but practically none are poor. Their villages are neat and clean. The cottages are kept well white-washed and look very attractive against the background of green and dark brown fields.

The number of mosques in Bulgaria is surprisingly large, until one remembers how in the past the Turks have encroached upon Bulgarian territory. From 1529 to 1877 the country was entirely under Moslem rule. It was finally liberated by the Russians, and in the large square in the center of Sofia there is a beautiful statue of Alexander II of Russia, who did so much to free Bulgaria from Turkish domination.

The forbidden fez of Turkey abounds, for there are half a million Turks in the country. The old-time Mohammedans look upon Christian Bulgaria as a welcome refuge from the godlessness of the present-day Turkey.

The Thermometer Tells!

The day I was on the train for Sofia happened to be a holiday, and a dense crowd of people packed into the little wooden compartments—a gay, happy lot! Mothers and fathers and children—all were dressed in their best. Many of them wore their pretty national costume.

Everybody talked at once, and everybody wanted to know where everybody else was going. There was a corridor on the train enabling the passengers to go from one compartment to another, so every 15 or 20 minutes there was a complete change of faces in the compartment. As soon as one set had sufficient information as to the status, etc., of the other set, they would all troop out to the next carriage, leaving me in sole possession of the compartment until the next crowd came along.

Questions came from all sides. "Missionaire," they understood as my occupation, but it had to be more detailed. I happened to have a thermometer with me, so I produced it, and everybody said, "Ah!" plus many more words. Whatever they understood, it apparently satisfied them! Where was the mission?

"India." Blank looks greeted me.

"Les Indes." Still blank.

I produced a map. Another big chorus of

"ah's." I was settled and immediately forgotten as they went on to the next victim to be interrogated.

"Vittameens!"

One Bulgarian had three small apples. At the moment there were nine of us. Taking a large jack-knife out of his pocket, he proceeded to pare and cut one in two. With a polite gesture, he offered me one half, and the other half he cut into eight small pieces and gave one to each. Then he did the same to the next apple, this time offering me a quarter. I refused it, for I felt I had had my share.

"Vittameens!" said the genial apple host, making a gesture of large deltoid and biceps muscles.

Overcome at this demonstration of the qualities of one-quarter of a very small apple, I meekly accepted it. Before we reached the third one, the group had taken each other's history in full, and chattering loudly and gaily, they all moved on to the enchantment of the next compartment.

Dancing on the Cobblestones

We reached Sofia in the late afternoon—a little, old-world city of which the people are very proud. The Bulgarians, like all people who have had to fight for their faith, are deeply religious. The center of Sofia is dominated by a large cathedral, which was filled to overflowing on Sunday evening. After Benediction, the young people, all clad in their national costumes, were to be seen down the side streets, dancing old folk dances on the cobblestones of Sofia.

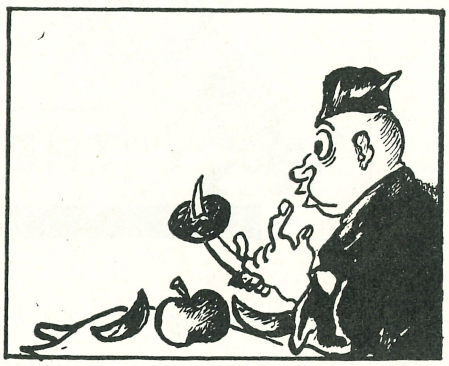
A Once-Ruined City

The next stop was Belgrade, the capital of Yugo-Slavia. It is a city of about 225,000 inhabitants. The streets are wide, and have a busy and prosperous appearance, in spite of the fact that everything was reduced to ruins during the World War.

Belgrade was once the scene of many battles between the Turks and Christians, sometimes in the possession of one and sometimes of the other, until it was finally handed over to Serbia in 1866.

Hungarian Cowboys

If Bulgaria was flat, Hungary was still flatter. Sometimes for miles and miles gigantic plains with not a single inhabitant were to be seen. Geese were all over the place—thousands and thousands of them.



Cows, sheep and goats were plentiful and were tended by cowboys, who dashed about on fiery little horses. The riders wore heavy sheepskin or felt coats, colorfully embroidered, and made to last practically a lifetime. These they wore both in hot and cold weather, to "keep out the warmth of summer and the cold of winter"!

Where the Blue Danube Flows

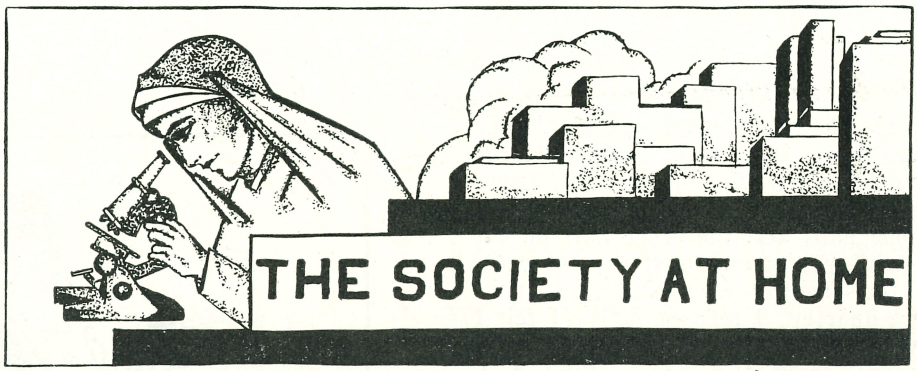
Budapest is one of the most picturesque cities in the world. The people take a great pride in keeping it as beautiful and clean as possible. There are 47 hot springs in the city, and practically everyone goes in for warm hydrotherapy. A bath in the waters, followed by a massage, is a treatment that is taken advantage of by all.

The blue Danube, that has never pretended to be other than a chalky muddy color, is spanned by six bridges that connect young "Buda" with old "Pest."

Everywhere in Hungary are evidences of the religion of the people. This is especially marked in the capital. The citadel of St. Mathias is most beautiful. It is mounted on a hill beneath which the Roman galleys found port, and the Christians were held in captivity by their Mohammedan conquerors.

The Fishers' Bastian affords a beautiful view from a hill in Buda, and makes one wish there were time to visit all the splendid old churches that are to be seen in every direction. The cave shrine in St. Gellert's hill is named for the martyr-bishop who was rolled down the pit in a barrel into the turbulent waters below for trying to convert the Magyars.

The Parliament house is a fine, complicated Gothic building, decorated with about a hundred statues of saints, Hungarian kings, statesmen and warriors. At night its portico is in demand as an outdoor cafe which does a thriving business. When Hungarians visit the capitol in Washington, they lament the fact that its plaza is not used for the same purpose.



October 30—the Kingship of Christ

You have heard before that our Medical Mission House chapel is not very large. Actually it is about 12 feet wide, and even by opening the sliding doors to the "back chapel" (our former refectory), we could not possibly accommodate many of you. But the sacristans had done their work so beautifully, it seemed a shame not to share it with you—therefore we invite you to come on the wings of imagination for just a short visit.

It is very simple: a small wooden altar, about six feet wide, enameled white and trimmed in gilt, and behind it a white curtain, tucked up into little folds. Between and among the folds are caught sprigs of fall chrysanthemums, small ones of russet-yellow. They look like stars against the white. They are on the altar, too, graceful bunches of them, looking deeper and fuller in the light of the candles and against a background of evergreen. On one side there is just room for Our Lady, on the other, for St. Joseph. Before each of them is a bunch of large pink dahlias—really big ones from our own garden. And in the center of flowers and candles and whiteness, quietly, simply, powerfully in the plain gold monstrance—CHRIST THE KING.

Another Departure

Once more all the available bells of the Medical Mission House rang out their jubilant announcement that more Medical Missionaries were on their way to the mission field. Wars and rumors of wars made it necessary to hasten the day of departure. Consequently our five sisters, Sister Ignatius Marie Desmond, B.A.; Sister Alma Julia LeDuc, Ph.G., M.T.; Sister Madeleine Sophie DuVally, Sister M. Virginia McCarty, R.N. and Sister M. Jude Caine, R.N., sailed on October 7 on the *S. S. Samaria,* instead of on October 12 as previously planned.

On the evening of the 6th we gathered about the festive board and enjoyed our last recreation together. The dinner was followed by the Departure Ceremony. The Rev. Paul V. Foley, S.M., of the Marist College was the preacher. Father Foley reminded the outgoing missionaries (and the stay-at-home missionaries also) of the sublimity of the missionary's dedication to God, in which she echoes the words of Our Lady: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word."

The Rev. Francis McBride, C.S.C., our spiritual director, received the renewal of the sisters' Mission Oaths, and the ceremony closed with solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Father McBride was the celebrant, the Rev. Francis P. Goodall, C.S.C., of the Foreign Mission Seminary of Holy Cross acted as deacon, the Rev. Charles J. Costello, O.M.I., of the Oblate House of Studies, sub-deacon, and the Rev. William Robinson, C.S.C., of Holy Cross College, Master of Ceremonies.

Early in the morning of the Feast of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary we said farewell, and entrusted our sisters to the gentle care of the *Star of the Sea* as they began the 10,000 mile journey that will end late in November at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi.

Too Busy to Write

Sister M. Laetitia and Sister M. Barbara, who represented our Society at the National Eucharistic Congress in New Orleans, had time only for a hasty note. "It's wonderful," they said, "but you will get all the details from the papers better than we could write about them. Anyway, we simply have no time. One day we spent 13 hours at our booth."

The officials of the Congress arranged for a special mission exhibition section; we sent for our display the miniature replica of Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi. The sisters have received numerous invitations to speak in hospitals and schools, and are taking advantage of this, our first opportunity, to make our work known by personal contact along the Mississippi.

"Everywhere we are received most kindly," writes Sister Laetitia. "All seem interested in our work—it is really encouraging."

En Route

Sister Alma Julia and Sister Madeleine Sophie claim the distinction of not having missed Mass a single morning on the trip from New York to England, despite the fact that "the ship's log on the bulletin board said, 'Stormy weather and heavy sea.'" Being hale and hearty, they assumed the task of correspondence. We quote:

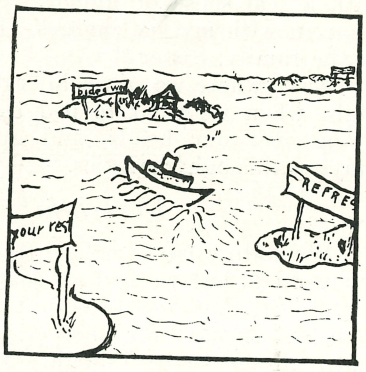
But Better Wrong Than Left . . .

"There are only 173 passengers on the boat instead of a possible 1,200, so we have the advantages the other 1,000 might have had! Actually we have had spare time, but the only thing to do with it was watch the sea and the sea gulls!

"Shortly after sailing we were called for life-saving practice. A few days later we heard a signal, and as we wanted to see the sights in case the boat was sinking, we hurriedly assembled, only to find that the drill was for the crew, and we were not among the elect!

Lest You Be Tempted to Envy

"One morning some boys began to sing, 'Yo ho!' but Sister Virginia didn't feel the least like 'hoeing.' (Note: Sister Virginia was a star gardener at the Medical Mission House.) Yesterday she was sitting all tucked up in her steamer chair, just getting over her seasickness.



"'And to think,' said she 'that some people go to Europe just for a pleasure trip!' Then after a minute's reflection: 'You know, it wouldn't be so bad if they would only stop the boat for five minutes every 10 miles or so.'

"We're all getting our 'sea-legs' by now, however."

Mission Spirited

"The sea was so rough the day before yesterday, we were sure there wouldn't be Mass, but I decided to go and see. Sure enough, we had two Masses as usual. But any other than these two missionary priests would not have done it. It really seemed as if the cabin was turning in all directions.

"The priests are St. Columban Fathers on their way home to Ireland for a year's furlough after 10 years in China. Both are natives of the north of Ireland.

"Sunday they took up a collection at the two Masses for 'The Apostolate of the Sea,' and the results with a note of thanks was put up on the bulletin board. They took in $2.71 and 2/.

Lights and Shadows

"What interests me most on the ship is the people. Our stewardess, for instance, has been all around the world with various ships of this line—she has been in this service for many years. She is a Catholic, a widow with two sons (she showed me their pictures), one 16 and one 18. Her father kept house for 'her boys' until the time of his death two months ago.

"The boat should be in Liverpool Monday (or Tuesday, if late), then the crew is paid off and she will get home that evening—just long enough to pay her bills and see about a few things, and she must join the boat again Thursday for the next trip!

After All, There's Gold—and Gold

"It rained a lot yesterday, but the sun came out in spells and we saw something I never heard of before.

"'Look at the rainbow,' said Sister M. Jude.

"I looked at the horizon where I thought all rainbows belonged.

"'No, no,' Sister pointed, 'right there in front of you,' and sure enough, there was the rainbow with the end of it dipping into the water right off the edge of the boat. It was almost weird—you felt as if you could touch it.

"I was told in my youth that there was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, but I'd never been able to get to the end before. I hastened to look over the rail, but saw—only water. Of course, an old pirate ship might be lying just at that point containing oodles of gold, but what could I do about it?

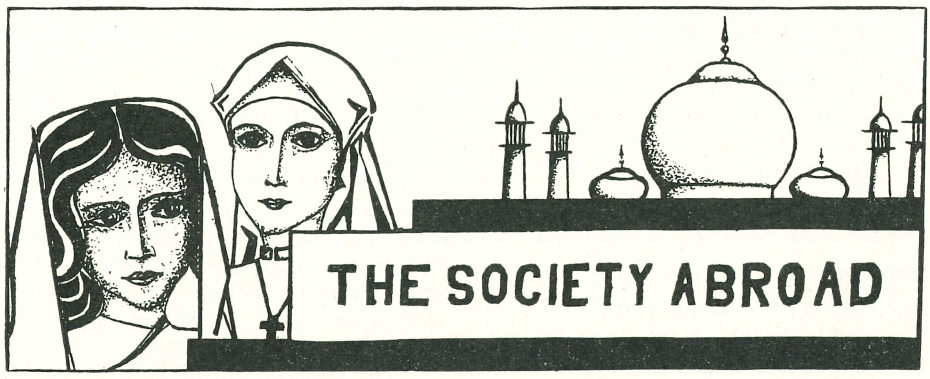
"The rainbow travelled right along with us for a while and then disappeared . . . perhaps the pot of gold is at the end of the journey!

The Early Bird—Sees Beauty!

"This morning we got up about 6 a. m. and went on deck, thinking how nice it was to see land again after a week of being surrounded by water. To our great surprise, we saw not only land, but *fairyland.* We had passed the Firth of Forth and were in the Clyde river in Scotland, headed for Greenock, the port of Glasgow.

"I did not realize Greenock was so far up the river. For almost two hours we passed the most beautiful scenery in the world—just then it was, anyway. We were riding into a full moon, with dawn just breaking over the mountains that were all around us, and with hundreds of seagulls flapping on all sides. Lighthouses twinkled at various corners—such picturesque lighthouses, some with farms attached and all fenced in in white with a nice little mountain for a background! Then there were cozy little towns along

(*Continued on page* 182)



England

Address: Medical Mission House
98 Thornbury Road
Osterley, Middlesex, England

For our sisters at the Medical Mission House in Osterley, the "rumor of war" was a very stark reality. Their letters for the past month are like a condensed history of what war means to the individual—to the home!

Prayer Offered . . .

On the first of October, Sister M. Pauline writes: "The past week has instilled the fear of the Lord in all Christians, and without doubt we are all better for this crisis. There has been a mission in our little parish church this week, and we attended Holy Mass each morning and also the services in the evening, consisting of a sermon and Benediction. All churches of all denominations have been having special prayers for peace each day, and Westminster Cathedral is open all night for those who wish to go there and pray."

. . . and Prayer Fulfilled!

On the second, there is further news from Sister M. Monica: "God is good! After a very anxious week, we have peace at last. Father Tigar, S.J., from Campion House, has been wonderfully good to us these days. He has been made warden for his household, and his boys have been steadily at work fixing refuge rooms and otherwise providing for safety. They dug a trench in their garden that would hold eighty people. The work was done in hour-shifts, with twelve boys working at a time.

"Our refectory has also been turned into a refuge room against gas raids. Two of the boys from Campion House spent the whole of yesterday afternoon making it ready. Father promised to send some of his young men over to dig a trench in our garden if it was necessary, but things began to look hopeful, so they didn't start. . . . Only when one is about to lose a thing as precious as peace, does one begin to realize what a beautiful thing it is!"

Now That It's Over . . .

"We can laugh about it—at least in spots," writes Sister M. Bernard. "You should see us in our gas masks! But what a week! There has been excitement everywhere. On Wednesday I took six of the postulants into the Police headquarters at Bow street to be 'fitted for masks.' We only had to wait one whole morning! The policeman was very kind, however, with a real sense of humor. Said he, when I came in with my six charges, 'How many more in the family, Sister?'

"Everywhere we saw soldiers and sailors. At night when we went to bed there were planes flying over our heads, and great searchlights playing through the skies.

Foresight!

"We didn't have to have the trench dug in our garden, but we had all sorts of plans made for it. St. Paul was to be put up in one corner and St. Bernard in another. There were so many things to be thought of that we really considered appointing committees: one to look after the statuary, one to bring the Holy Oils, and of course, one to look after the goldfish! After all, in case of a siege we might be glad for a fish supper!"

And Then—Life Goes On

"It is just a beautiful day today, with the sun shining its brightest and hearts happier, too. We are very busy preparing for our guests. (The group bound for India stopped in England.) Our Medical Mission House has never sheltered twenty-one at one time!

"There is also a bit of carpentry work awaiting Sister Elizabeth. Our chairs are a trifle overworked these days, not because we have nothing to do, but because we have so many to fill them. You see, it used to be we could alternate each evening, but now with our growing family, every seat must respond to the call

to active service. Consequently they are beginning to show signs of the strain. I have absolute confidence in Sister's ability to remedy the matter, however. When the family increased before it was really wonderful to see her converting orange boxes into 'dressers' by turning them on end, shellacking them and pleating a little curtain in front! And odd boards were dexterously nailed together, stained, oiled and converted into most comfortable prieu-dieus! So you see, it isn't only faith, but works!'' This is taken from Sister Pauline's letter. It continues:

Inspiration

''We had the privilege and pleasure of attending the Solemn High Mass marking the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood of Father Robinson, S.J., of Campion House. As a Jesuit this is a rare distinction, but Father was ordained young because he was in danger of death. It was wonderful to see the old priests, friends of Father, kneeling there in the chapel with the evident traces of many years upon them, and side by side with them the seventy-two students, aspirants to the priesthood. The whole was beautifully impressive in its simplicity and sincerity.

''Father Bratts, C.M., who still acts as our chaplain, celebrated his golden jubilee as a Vincentian on the twenty-fourth of October. He said he would walk back to the missions if his superior would let him! He was a missionary in China for twenty-seven years.''

Auf Wiederseh'n

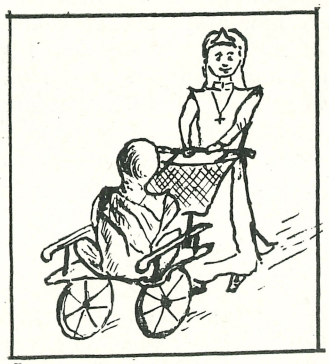
Sister Pauline joined the band bound for India which left England on the twenty-second. ''Only a few more days and I shall be leaving England. It doesn't seem possible. I must say I have enjoyed my stay here very, very much. Everything has been so interesting. The Catholics, too, seem to be so staunch and sincere. It has been a real inspiration.''

Rawalpindi

Address: Holy Family Hospital
Murree Road
Rawalpindi, Punjab, India

But the Customer is Always Right!

Dr. Lalinsky, who is finding ample occupation in the Holy Family Hospital, has concluded that a steady hand is not the only requisite for a successful mission surgeon: facial control is also a *sine qua non.* To clinch her contention, she submits the following:



''Some time ago a patient was scheduled to appear in the operating room and one of the little nurses was sent to fetch her in the wheel chair. You can picture our reaction when the patient was wheeled in sitting with her back to the front and her front to the back! She insisted upon that arrangement—''It was so much more comfortable!''

There is a Sad Side, Too

In the same letter, Dr. Lalinsky relates the following incident: ''One morning a little Hindu lass of 14 was brough to dispensary with peritonitis. Admission to hospital was obviously imperative. The maternal grandmother and maternal aunt said they would be happy to comply with my wish if she really needed (!) hospital care, and if she had a chance of recovering, et cetera, et cetera. Yes, they realized she was rather ill, but could leave be granted to her for merely 15 days? Because in that time the term of 40 days of lamentation and mourning for her dead mother would be finished.

''That was six weeks ago; we've not even seen a sign of her since!''

It Is a Healthy Sign—To Grow

A new activity has been added to our work at Pindi. ''We have just undertaken a one-hour-a-week school children's medical examination, which is to be two hours as soon as we can give the time in the Girls' Government High School. We are already the official medical consultants for St. Catherine's School.''

Columbus Never Had Them, But Then

Sister Margaret Mary, from whose letter the above is taken, goes on to give us another healthy sign—our sisters have not lost their patriotism! ''Being Columbus Day, they are trying to coax Sister Camillus to give them coffee and doughnuts. Sister is in charge of the kitchen just now.'' We didn't hear the final verdict. Of course, Columbus never had them, but. . . .

And then Sister concludes: ''Everyone is well and already benefitting from the lovely cool weather. One needs two blankets at night, but the days are hot.''

Technique

Sister Camillus is also having her experiences: ''One day while Sister Margaret Mary was giving class and I was left at the hospital, a nicely dressed man walked in and asked if we had a

'Bibi Jan' in hospital. I looked it up, found we did not and told him so.

"May I speak with you privately, please?" he asked.

"But I am not the superior," I hastily informed him.

"That doesn't matter," he insisted, and before I had time to convince him that it *did* matter, he told me his wife had left him, that he had heard she was ill, and he was searching for her. During the relating he actually shed tears. I felt very sorry for him and called Sister Margaret Mary out of class. She offered what advice she could, but told me later she thought there was something behind it all.

Sure enough, some days later he came back. "Do you remember me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered. "Did you find your wife?" And when he said, "No," I was a little suspicious. "What would you like?"

He paused a moment, then replied, "Sister sahib, I sell soda water, in case you want to buy some any time."

Somebody is Happy—

Sister Bernadette seems to prove the theory that happiness, after all, is where you make it. Just now she seems to be enjoying an abundant supply: "I have the best job that I can ever have in my life—I am working in the nursery! You can't imagine my joy! My dear little 'chocolate babies' are just lovely.

"Today we took two little ones to the Church for baptism. One has the name *Timothy Dominic* and the other *James Augustin.* They are very sick looking fellows, but maybe they will escape.

"Just now I have only 11 babies. One is a sweet little Hindu girl, Krishna, just eight months old. Three died last week; one of them weighed only 2½ pounds."

"—That Nothing be Lost"

Sister Ann sends us a line about the dispensary work at Pindi: "The people here more than appreciate any little attention to their youngsters. A band of sweeper children arrived quite early this morning. Each one over eight years usually carries a baby and explains all its troubles. I poured out cough medicine for one youngster. As he was not inclined to finish it, his sister, with zealous impatience, grabbed the medicine cup and 'yak dam'!—she swallowed it!

"'You must not waste good medicine,' she told him. And that was that for the day!"

En Route

(*Continued from page* 179)

the coast—not slums or lumberyards, but rows of substantial white and gray houses, sometimes two or three layers of them up the mountainsides, and occasionally we glimpsed distant villages caught between folds of mountains.

"We got to Greenock about 7.30 and were anchored there while we went to our two Masses and had breakfast. Then we started back to the ocean, getting another two hours of the same lovely scenery, only this time in broad daylight. Now we are headed across the Irish Sea, and will arrive in Dublin at 7 p. m."

Missionary Prudence

"Missionaries," Father Florian told us during a recent visit to the Medical Mission House in Washington, "especially young missionaries, must learn to spend themselves wisely." Father Florian is a Marianhill missionary who has labored thirty-seven years in South Africa, mostly in the territory of Natal. For the past year he has been in America soliciting funds for his mission, but he has hopes of soon returning to his "Zulus."

Father went on to demonstrate just what he meant by this wise spending. "For instance," he said, "when you are new and a native comes to you in the middle of the night to say that his relative is dying, you jump right out and run. But after you have been there awhile, you are more prudent. You say, 'Does he still take snuff?' If the answer is, 'Oh, yes, Father, he still takes snuff,' then you know you are perfectly safe to wait until a more reasonable hour. But if he says, 'No, Father, he has taken no snuff for three days,'—then it is time to hurry! Or maybe you will ask, 'Is he dead?' and learn that 'oh, yes, Father, he died already three times yesterday!' The natives have not yet learned to tell the difference of a fainting spell and something really serious, and you must sometimes be a little puzzled.

"Vermin," Father went on, "are a plague. I have seen the sick literally eaten alive with them." He paused for a moment, then shrugged. "Some of our Fathers began to wear beards but," his eyes twinkled, "they shaved them off! Also," he continued, "the natives have a habit of smearing their blankets with lard. You visit the sick and find them—wrapped in their odoriferous blanket. You hear confessions and the people come to you—wrapped in these same blankets. You give Holy Communion—to people wrapped in their blankets! Well," he shrugged philosophically, "it is their way. Still—a pipe is a wonderful friend!"

Medical Mission Notes

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China

The following excerpts are taken from a letter written to Doctor Dengel by the Rev. Dr. W. Szuniewicz, C.M., M.D., an eye specialist at the Catholic Mission, Shunteh, Hopeh, China.

"I write while travelling. You cannot imagine in what manner all the Chinese people are suffering from war, floods and poverty. Many, many people look to us for help.

"At present the medical work is doubtless much in demand. When you visited our medical center, the Catholic Medical Service in Peking, you saw Father Rutten, so you know well the organization of the Catholic Central Medical Service for North China. Recently our mission has been connected very closely with this center.

"Our purpose is to work for peasants. Our dispensaries, directed by a doctor and nurses instructed in our mission hospital, are very useful and welcomed and sought by all the people. We ought to have dispensaries in all large villages instead of the concentration of work in one center of the mission. The principal difficulty is to find a doctor who is willing to leave a large town and live in a poor, small village."

Rev. W. Szuniewicz, C.M., M.D., (center) and staff of the famous Catholic eye hospital in Shunteh-fu, China.

* * *

In spite of the troubles in China, the *Aurora University* conducted by the Jesuits in Shanghai is flourishing. Of those who were graduated at the last commencement, thirteen received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. A significant step forward has been made in the decision to admit women students to the study of medicine, law and the sciences in general. This will mark the first time that "Aurora" has opened the doors of these branches of learning to women. Those who come from outside the city will reside with the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

The Helpers of the Holy Souls have organized their two large schools in Zi-ka-wei with a view of direct preparation for the University. One school, *Seng-Mou-Yeu,* was founded in 1867; the other, *The Morning Star,* was begun in 1904 especially for non-Catholic girls.—Les Missions Catholiques, Oct. 1, 1938.

* * *

"Dispensaries do us many a good turn," says the Most Reverend Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon, a Maryknoll missionary. "The other day, when examining candidates for Confirmation, I asked an old lady how she happened to become a Catholic. 'I went down to the river to wash some clothes and slipped in the mud, twisting my knee,' she said. 'Some other women who were washing clothes, too, told me to go to the Catholic mission to get some medicine. I did. The Sister was very kind and gentle and gave me something to stop the pain. There were some women there studying the catechism. I listened awhile and when I went home, I kept thinking about what I had heard. Finally, I went back and studied catechism, too. So I thank God that I twisted my knee.'"—The Field Afar, October, 1938.

* * *

The war in China still rages and casualties now run into hundreds of thousands. The homeless and wounded reports are so similar that it requires an eye-witness to make one realize their ghastly plight. One such witness recently spoke to us of the immense number of children born in the refugee camps without any adequate provision. The picture was tragic. Much help will be needed for many a day to come.

Meanwhile the missionaries and sisters are doing their best to help the afflicted, and their work has been publicly recognized both by the Chinese authorities and the Japanese military.—A.P.F. & Mill Hill, Autumn 1938.

* * *

Hawaii

Because of Hawaii's steady gain in its fight against leprosy, Kapiolani Girls' home, operated by the Sisters of St. Francis and catering to non-leprous children of lepers, closed its door permanently on October 1. Harry A. Kluegel, general superintendent of the board of hospitals and settlement, said: "The board is gratified to report the continued decrease to a new low record in the total number of active leprous patients at Kalihi Hospital (in Honolulu) and at Kalaupapa settlement. During the last five year period there were 23% fewer cases than in the five year period 1924-1928."

(*Continued on page* 184)

INDIAN MEDICINE

(*Continued from page* 175)

done under favorable conditions, including auspicious constellations. The surgeons of early times were successful in laparotomies. Caesarian section was performed only on the dead.

Present day medicine in India may be summed up by saying that one finds the most highly scientific and the most primitive, and everything in between. Some of the larger cities have highly qualified physicians and surgeons, both British and Indian, and some large and well-equipped hospitals. Smaller places have only sub-assistant surgeons in charge of dispensaries, which may have a few beds for emergencies. Of the scarcity of medical assistance available one may get an idea from the statement the writer read a few years ago in the *Bombay Examiner,* that in the city of Bombay, which probably has the greatest number of doctors for India, only 15 per cent of the people have a doctor in their last illness.

The writer had the opportunity of seeing the most modern, mediaeval and primitive medical aid available in India. In one and the same city one can find them all, sometimes in the shadow of each other. The Hindu house erected only a few years ago next to the Holy Family Hospital has a devil painted on its walls to "keep away the evil spirits." The writer has watched a Guru chanting mantrams over a sick woman in the neighboring compound. In the hospital itself, she saw a woman with a beheaded chicken circle her dying boy's bed in the hope that he would benefit by it.

Some patients will be operated on only when the stars are favorable, and when a baby is born, it is of the utmost importance to know the exact minute of the event in order to be able to inform the father. He carefully notes it down for the astrologer who draws up the horoscope. The same father may ask about vitamins for his wife!

In medicine, as in other things in India, the old and the new are fermenting together.

Bibliography: *A Note on Indian Medicine* by Sir Clifford Allbutt, *Indian Medical Gazette,* Feb., 1928.

Thanksgiving

November 24 brings us once more the day which our American President has set aside, that all men may pause for a moment and give thanks. There are two parts to gratitude: First, we must know what we have received; only then can we fulfill the second part—to make acknowledgment.

The kindnesses, the assistance, the favors, the encouragements which we have received during the past year would make a long litany. First and foremost is the continued interest and solicitude which members of the hierarchy have shown our Society; along with this is the goodness of priests, religious and secular, pastors and curates, who have contributed to our support, encouraged our work and permitted us to solicit alms in their parishes.

The sisters to whom we are indebted are literally legion. Especially since we began collecting alms in diocesan churches have we experienced the beautiful charity of our Catholic Sisterhoods: everywhere we have been made welcome and given hospitality with a graciousness and sincerity that was truly wonderful. It is often the sisters, too, who stimulate their pupils to save or collect supplies for our medical work, and to make good use of our miteboxes.

The subscribers to THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY also are in the front ranks of our benefactors. It is they who make it possible for us to keep before the eyes of those in the home countries the possibilities and accomplishments of the Medical Mission Apostolate.

To summarize, there is the zeal of priests, religious and laity, of men, women and children, which has found expression in prayer, in gifts and in contributions.

Molecules are groups of atoms, and a single atom can determine the nature of the whole. In a similar way, our work is the sum total of all the favors given to us. Each one forms an essential part of the whole. For each one, we are grateful.

MEDICAL MISSION NOTES

(*Continued from page* 183)

Egypt

An international Congress of leprosy was held in Cairo from March 21-27, 1938. The Scientific Committee of this congress appointed four committees to report respectively on Classification, Treatment, Epidemiology and Control, and the Cultivation of the Leprosy Bacillus.

The Subcommittee on Treatment reported that hydnocarpus oil and its esters intramuscularly, subcutaneously, and intradermally remain, so far as present knowledge goes, the most efficacious drugs for the special treatment of leprosy. Oils from *Hydnocarpus wightiana* and *H. anthelmintica* are most widely used.—LEPROSY REVIEW, Oct. 1938.

* * *

India

Sister Anne Augustine of St. Martha's Hospital, Bangalore City, South India, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her religious profession. A convert from Mohammedanism, Sister Anne Augustine has given her entire religious life to the poor and suffering sick in the Outpatients' Department of St. Martin's Hospital. What a record of service to her fellowmen!—THE STANDARD, Karachi, India.

(*Continued on page* 186)

In Our Library

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I Follow Saint Patrick, *by Oliver St. John Gogarty. Reynal & Hitchcock. New York.* 312 *pp.* $3.00.

I Follow St. Patrick is not a "Life" of Ireland's Apostle, but rather a geographical history of the places visited by him. Because of the lack of details in the personal history of our Saint—a fact admitted by his earliest biographer—allegory, legend and myth have grown up around him. It is refreshing, therefore, to come upon this interesting volume by Oliver St. John Gogarty, from whose pages St. Patrick emerges as a creature of flesh and blood and is thereby more deeply enshrined in the affections of his children.

The author's attempt to settle the age old dispute regarding the Saint's birthplace is fascinating and will arouse the attention of students of hagiography, though, I do not think, it is by any means decisive. I have a faint notion that the author shares this same opinion. However, he succeeds eminently in tracing the footsteps of St. Patrick and in proving beyond doubt the Saint's force in tracing the history of the Irish people.

That Dr. Gogarty is also a poet is easily gleaned from the pages of this book. Here are revealed all the beauty, richness and charm of the English language; and the imagery of the poet has full play in the descriptions of Ireland's beautiful hills and valleys, lakes and rivers.

The publishers merit commendation on the magnificent format of the book.

The Test of Heritage, *by L. J. Gallagher. Benziger Brothers. New York.* 372 *pp.* $2.50.

In *The Test of Heritage* Father Gallagher, with all the vividness and realism of a tense onlooker, depicts a drama, in which the participants enact all the horrors of class warfare and clearly portrays the consequences of such a struggle, when those in authority seek to establish new social, economic and religious standards by attacking and effacing the very civilization which freed the world from barbarism and paganism. We have not in the English language a more fascinating portrayal of the events which have transpired in Russia from the time just prior to the Revolution of 1918 up to the present day. The book enables us to form a better idea of the Russian character which, for over twenty years, has lived through such harrowing experiences. The characters in the novel are so real and life-like that they grip the mind and imagination long after one has finished the book.

The author is to be congratulated in presenting to the public this account of Russia, fashioned from the life stories of acquaintances made there. One cannot close the book without being moved to prayer for those who are suffering as much, if not more, than those who have lived in the cruelist ages of the world's history.

The Old Parish, *by Doran Hurley. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.* 263 *pp.* $2.00.

A delightful series of tales laid in an early New England parish. While the author claims that the people of his stories are entirely fictional, anyone who knows the typical early New England parish will recognize each character as he appears. The sketches are light and humorous, and the reader is certain to enjoy making the acquaintance of these early Catholic settlers in a New England that a hundred years ago was none too friendly. We recommend the book to all, but especially to those whose ancestors had a part in building the Catholic Church in New England.

A Carrack Sailed Away—The Voyage of Master Francis Xavier, *by Miss Mabel Farnum. Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.* 396 *pp.* $2.00.

This is not a complete story of the life of the Patron of Missionaries, but the account of his missionary career, from the time the Saint left Lisbon in 1541 to the day when the martyr "went forth to meet Death which he had so long and lovingly courted as the prize of his missionary vocation."

All who are interested in the work of the propagation of the Faith will read the book with keen interest, and those who are not yet mission-conscious, if they will make the acquaintance of the great Xavier in the pages of *A Carrack Sailed Away,* cannot help but imbibe some of this apostle's love of souls and his great missionary spirit.

Witnesses To Christ, *by Alban Goodier, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.* 164 *pp.* $2.25.

Those who know Archbishop Goodier's earlier works will welcome this latest work from his fluent pen. In *Witnesses To Christ,* his Excellency in his usual pleasing manner gives us the proof of Christ's humanity and divinity from the testimony of those who witnessed His life, His passion, His death and His resurrection. The Archbishop draws his proof both from those who were disciples of the Man-God as well as

(*Continued on page* 186)

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of—

Mother Mary Columba Sullivan, Quetta, Baluchistan.

Sister Mary Cassiana, O.S.D., King Williamstown, S. Africa.

Sister Mary Bernardine Hussion, Hartford, Conn.

Sister Mary Annunciata Gribben, Hartford, Conn.

Sister Mary Leona Sheehan, Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Johannes Nowak, Schweidnitz, Silesia, Germany (Father of Sister M. Magdalene, S.C.M.M.).

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord.
And let perpetual light shine upon them.
May they rest in peace. Amen.

IN OUR LIBRARY

(*Continued from page* 185)

from those who refused to submit to Him as their King.

The book is interestingly written and should do much to counteract the influences of agnosticism and atheism in our day.

MEDICAL MISSION NOTES

(*Continued from page* 184)

South Africa

Sister M. Julia, C.P.S., writes from South Africa: "We are also building a hospital of about forty beds. Within the last few weeks we have had five operations on school children performed in our convent. People, especially the poor natives, are simply crying for a hospital. It is our greatest need."—MISSION MESSAGE, October, 1938.

* * *

Bali

Closed to Catholic missionaries until very recently, Bali is now taking her place in the sun of Catholicity. Father Buis, a member of the Society of the Divine Word, has just sent the Society for the Propagation of the Faith a picture of native artisans at work on the maternity hospital the missionaries are erecting in this stronghold of paganism. Father Buis writes:

"The buildings are strictly Balinese in character, and really beautiful sculpture will embellish the walls. As soon as they have been completed I will send pictures of this first Catholic hospital."—PROVIDENCE VISITOR, Oct. 20, 1938.

November Mission Intention

That Missions May Flourish Among the Twenty Million Koreans

***

In Korea as in so many of the other oriental countries the Church of today has its foundations on the martyrs of yesterday. The country is unique in this, however: that it is the only nation of the East which asked for priests before any missionaries had penetrated its borders.

The history of Korea has had a singular influence on the history of its conversion. Repeated invasion by both Chinese and Japanese led to a policy of isolation which gave to it the name of "Hermit Kingdom." Even after acknowledging vassalage to China in the tenth century, the Koreans maintained their policy of strict exclusion of foreigners. However, Christianity had by this time penetrated into the court of China, where the Korean ambassadors were made acquainted with its teachings.

So enthusiastic were these representatives over their discovery of the Faith that they brought back to their native land a number of books treating of Catholicism. Still there was no tangible progress until about 1783, when a native called Ri Syeng-hun-i visited China, took instructions and was baptized. Upon his return to Korea he and a friend, Pyek-i, studied books of instructions which they had received and then, fired with zeal, set out to evangelize the nation. They even set up a hierarchy, and the depth of their sincerity was proved when they willingly submitted to its suppression upon its existence being made known to the Church authorities of China.

Their plea for priests was not answered until 1795, when a Father Yjyou, a Chinese, entered Korea to find 4,000 converts waiting his ministry. Progress was encouraging, but in 1801 persecution began.

In 1836 two priests of the Paris Foreign Mission Society were able to reach the Hermit Kingdom, and progress was rapid until 1839, when persecution broke out once more. The government was determined to purge out Christianity from the very roots, and it was a bloody and terrible process.

So the history of the Church continued as a series of alternate growths and suppressions, but the new shoots were always longer than the stalks cut off. In 1898 the first cathedral was consecrated, and since that time expansion has been uninterrupted. "Obviously there is good reason to believe that Korea, the *Land of Morning Calm* and former isolation—is well on her way to gain new glories for the Catholic Church."

St. Joseph's Page

Our heartfelt gratitude to St. Joseph and to our generous friends who helped us to meet the heavy expense of sending our five missionaries to India.

St. Joseph, pray for us.

A last - minute surprise check of $100 from an old friend made up the complete sum required—$1,500. May St. Joseph help our friends in their needs as he does so unfailingly in ours.

I think that our readers will be almost as glad as we when they get the good news of our having found a Motherhouse—they have heard about it so long and so often. We keep on knocking like the man in the Gospel because a larger house, like bread, is a vital necessity for us. Without it, we cannot develop.

We ask St. Joseph again to inspire our readers to "hurl a volley of bricks at us." They will be more welcome than ever, because we actually have a suitable estate in view. Whether we can get it or not depends on the price! But why worry? We leave it to St. Joseph!—ANNA DENGEL.

Dear Doctor Dengel:

Please find enclosed $..... to pay for ..... bricks for the New Motherhouse.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Vouchsafe, O Lord, for Thy Name's sake, to reward with eternal life all those who do us good.

RANSDELL INC., PRINTERS-PUBLISHERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SOCIETY OF CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSIONARIES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and the Novitiate are located in Brookland, Washington, D. C.

At present the Society labors in India where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child-welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world as soon as its numbers permit.

For further information apply to

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